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AGAPE

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the Villager
shoe shoppes

"Chérie, magasinons ensemble"

For He

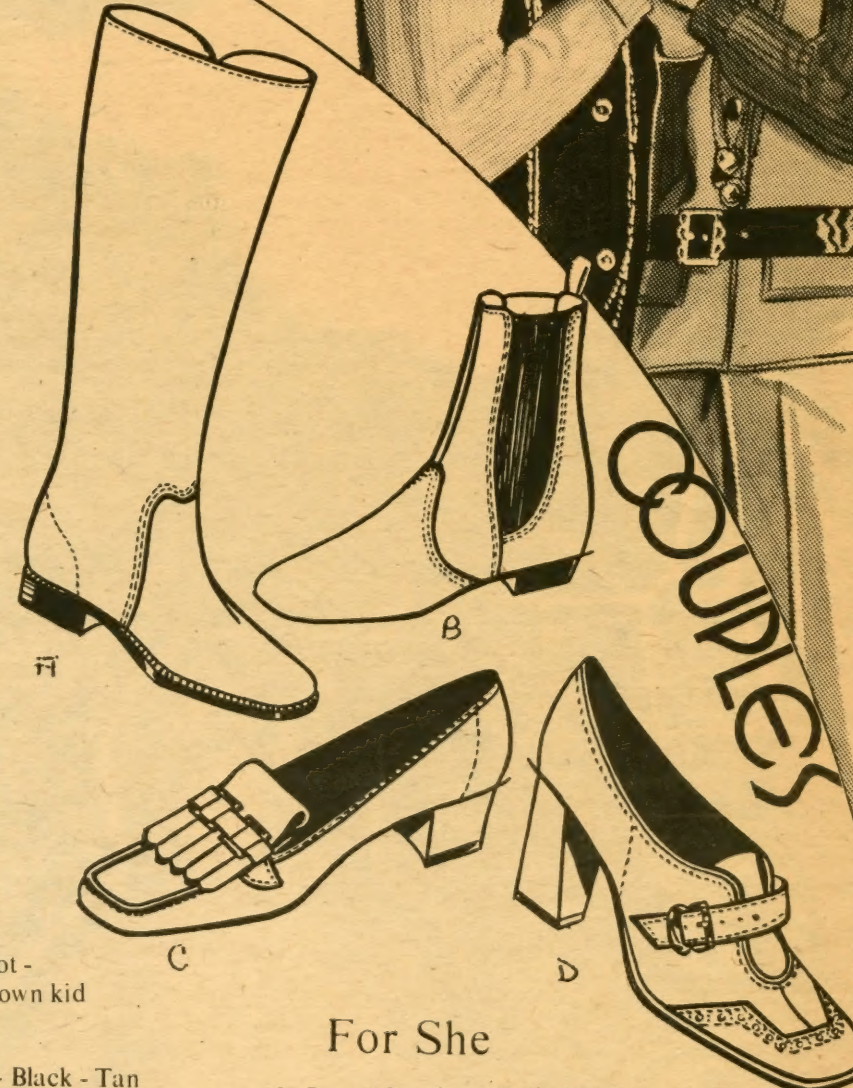
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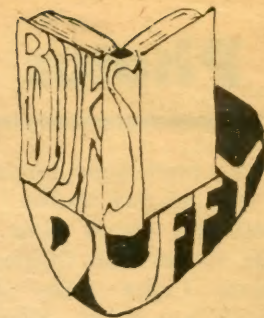


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COMPUTER CENTRE PARTY



Read the book.

It's easy to read, big print, monosyllabic words, no complex ideas. It involves issues relevant to all of us.

Dorothy Eber's *The Computer Centre Party* is the first book-length book to come out on last February's Sir George Williams University problem (or, if one prefers, uprising, fracas, revolt, affair, revolution, trouble, insurrection, tête-à-tête, communications breakdown.)

The book tells far better than the *Gazette* or the *Star* did at the time, how it all came about. It is, among other things, a chronology, a hasard, and a compilation of other peoples, whys. Mrs Eber (no fear, she's a svelte, college-educated swinger) is entirely objective in the treatment of the fact she provides. Perhaps the facts she provides are somewhat incomplete as far as the occupier's outlook is concerned but this has not irreparably damaged an otherwise reasonably-balanced book.

There are major irrelevancies. Mrs. Eber's chatty description of informative luncheon dates are strewn throughout the book. She has had lunch with a lot of people. Her newfound knowledge of intimate spots, obviously pleases her. The various proceedings in the hallways of various courtrooms and cell blocks, while colorful, are in the same vein. Somehow, the tearful thoughts of terrified parents of little Tommy Tittlemouse matter damn little.

Another problem is Mrs. Eber's approach is her very impartiality. Certain facts point to certain very obvious conclusions, which must be drawn to write a concrete book. This is the author's problem, she seems fearful, in the guise of being completely impartial to come to some of the most rudimentary conclusions. She talks at length about Principas Rea's abdication in December. Facts: Rae was an astute educator. He was near retirement age Chairmanships of boards, chancellorships, or guest lectureships call for unbesmirched names. So...Rae resigned for personal reasons. Damn right. He saw it all coming, either one way or the other.

The white student occupiers. Why were they there? No answer is supplied. Every student (if he has anything in his head approximating a brain) wants recognition of himself as a living, breathing, thinking entity, with a mind equal in, or even surpassing, the alacrity of those of his professors. Worldly wisdom, on the other hand, is something else, and surly, it is also obvious that the blacks discounted any that the administration may have had in their attitudes.

The book is constructed more or less around the dialogues of the students and administrators in the crucial two months, but missing are the voices of the moderates in the administration, within the faculty, and among the occupying students. In seeking to be objective, steering clear of those issues that tend to

polarize, she has unconsciously laid down the most important issue of all, empathy versus apathy.

Reporter Eber does an excellent job of reproducing the court hearing proceedings, which give the reader the means to re-evaluate certain key figures. It also serves to present our anchor-laden and leatherbound judicial system in its fullest sense of unwieldiness.

The big question is evident: "Can the present legal system viably try as an entity a large number of people on the same charges?" i.e. a collective trial, as some have suggested. Is it better that all those concerned be tried as such, or it a form of recognition of personal integrity, this trying of each of the 'conspirators' individually?

More important, is it possible for these people to obtain a free trial? Somehow, the old Roman concepts of justice break down in the face of punitive action.

The author raises another universal question: where does student power stop and student arrogance, student oligarchy, and student anarchy start? She does not specifically ask the question, but ten chapters of inference put it there. There have been precedents throughout the affair that dramatically showed the extreme narrowness of the positions of many students, radical, conservative, and moderate.

Granted, the fact that \$2.5 millions of electronic and fancy goods was

destroyed is immaterial compared to the ninety-three lives laid on the line beside it, but why was the place destroyed? What were the processes in the minds of the occupiers at 4 am Tuesday? 6 am? 10 am? 11 am, when the riot squad went in? Was it true that police legal advisor Michel Côté was desperately pleading with an adamant, bloodthirsty, and vengeful administration, to try to negotiate a settlement? When were the computers axed. What do we accept as fact, what do we take with a grain of salt, what do we contemptuously spurn?

"The Computer Centre Party" is an interesting book, full of relevant details and devoid of obvious prejudices. It is an easy task to vilify the entire new spectrum of writing housewives, obvious talents irregardless. In this case, it would be a big mistake.

Buy the book. It's \$3.49, but it's got the facts. Since, as Mrs Eber says, everyone and his brother's dog is going to write a book on the whole show, perhaps it's good that she was first. Disagree strongly with the opinions of various people she presents. Violently, Maoistically, denounce imperialistically biased filthy system that subjugates the poor downtrodden student, either in the university or in the bookstore where you can steal the exorbitantly-priced thing.

But read the book.



MEDIUM COOL

An accident! Hovering over the bowels of the wreck, like vultures over a corpse, two reporters peck and tear at the victim with mike and camera.

Satisfied with their footage, they return to their car, make a report to the station and ask to have an ambulance sent to the scene.

This is *MEDIUM COOL*, a film centred around the grim events in Chicago during the summer of 1968. With this film, Haskell Wexler, an award winning cameraman, makes his debut as a director.

Wexler's tale is of a news team, John (Robert Forster) cameraman, Gus (Peter Bonerz) his sound man, who earn their living roving around Chicago and the country shooting news events for their local station. Their life is grim, being in constant contact with the horror and violence of the everyday world, consequently, they become as uninvolved as possible with their subject material.

Constantly being accused of exploiting the misery of others, they cleanse their consciences by equating themselves to their equipment or just

saying that they have a job to fulfill. Wexler does not allow them to escape their world of violence even in their nights off. John, with Ruth, a nurse (Marianna Hill), entertain themselves at a roller derby, where America's gentler sex again prove that no male is safe in their midst without some form of armour. As the skaters get more aggressive, violence fills the screen, and the fans reach a peak of frenzy and hysteria shouting "Go! Go! Go! Hit her again! Beat the shit out of her!"

Wexler shifts his camera to John and Ruth in bed.

Violence and isolating masks constantly rule their relationship and hide their escapism. In their bed they are as impersonal and violent as their world outside. Consequently it comes as no surprise when Ruth, in a fit of awareness, calls him a "prick". As the relationship terminates, it's a simple matter to hand he over to a colleague.

John cannot isolate himself forever, Wexler points out that no matter how much man is an extension of his ma-

chine, he cannot always outside in the confrontation with reality. Consequently, when John confronts a militant black group, an awareness and concern develop, much to the chagrin of his employer, who has a news program to put out, and who fires him for unauthorized use of film.

In filming the ghetto sequence, Wexler seems at ease only in the absence of his star when he allows the blacks to speak their own words, telling whitey how it really is. When Foster or Bonerz enter, the rhythm disrupts emitting noise rather than a fluid tone. The blacks themselves seem uneasy in this put-on militant role, and seem to be as hypersensitive to the whole format as John.

Wexler has hinted at this from the beginning. With flashes of Harold and his mother throughout the first part of the film, he attempts to weld the two segments of John's screen life (the present and the future) together. At first sight, even with preknowledge of events, one tends to get confused at the order of events.

In spite of the conflict between Wexler's documentary and his tale, *MEDIUM COOL* should not be shunned. The little that he captures of the Democratic convention rally provide some very powerful scenes. To the music of the Mothers, the troops come marching in with their tanks and barbed-wired covered jeeps. Blue garbed police push and shove the crowds of protesting youth about. As the delegates sing "Happy times are here again"... inside the convention hall, maimed and battered youth receive first aid treatment at a station outside. But these are rare jewels in midst of many banal scenes.

Trying to integrate the documentary or news capsule within the format of a tale is not an easy scenario for a director's first attempt. *THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS*, a similar film, integrating fact and fiction, succeeded because all the terrorist activities and angry crowd scenes were reconstructed for the film. Perhaps Wexler should have done this rather than surrounding his film with actual footage of real events. *MEDIUM COOL* is currently playing at the Place Ville Marie Cinema.

Photos Robert Garven

The Evolution of

"It's every radio announcer's dream to start his own station." On May 15, 1960, this dream came true for the then 32 year old Gordon Sinclair. A Pointe Claire radio station called CFOX was born. Almost ten years have passed and now CFOX enjoys the number 2 position in listener ratings. This unprecedented rise is attributed to many different factors, but first an examination must be made of the troubled years between 1960-1969.

When Sinclair, (along with Keith Dancy and Danny Dooner) started the station, a number of options were open to them. They could become an all news station, a country station, or follow a good music format. They chose the latter. This proved to be a moderate success, but they decided to develop a specialized sound.

Sinclair chose country music, and in 1964 the station underwent its first complete change. It took less than a year to discover the trouble encountered here. The majority of their listeners came from areas where the station was weakest, and the people who were most offended, were those from the Lakeshore.

Slowly but surely, CFOX introduced contemporary music into its programming until by 1967, it was wall to wall pop. One of the most important figures to play a significant role in

this change was Dean Hagopian. Hagopian was wild, and his numerous voice impersonations became the trademark of the station. The turn-over of disc jockeys over the next few years left CFOX in a relatively stagnant position. The music was churned out day after day by lifeless announcers who seemed to be devoid of any obligation to the public.

Today the station has that essential attribute of stability. The personnel know exactly what they want to do and they go about their jobs with conviction. However, changes are still an important aspect for the survival of the station. "We change every week", says Sinclair. "Sometimes its subtle, sometimes more obvious, but when we quit changing, we've had it."

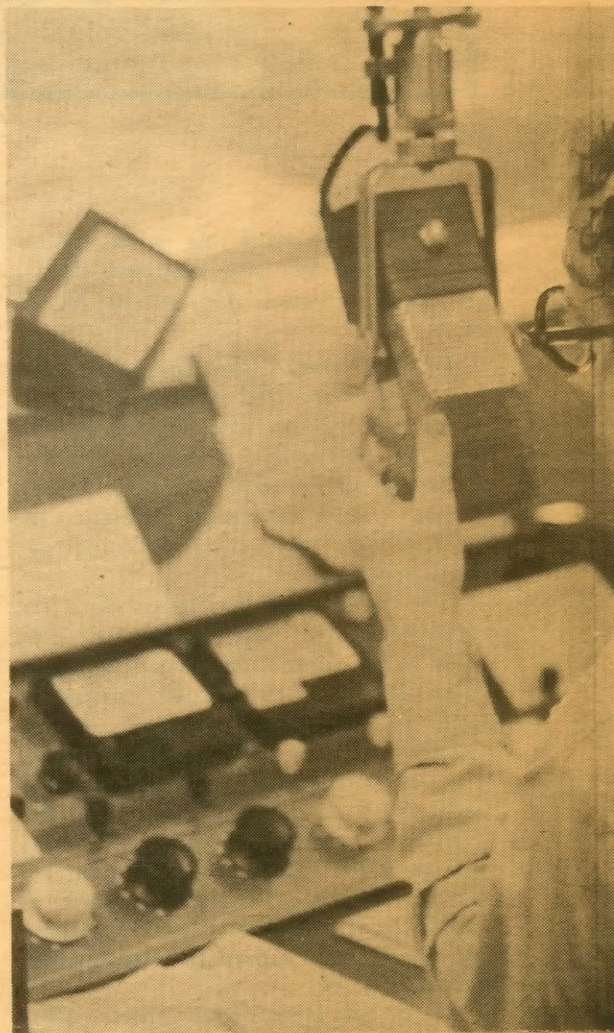
Certainly the most impressive change in the last year was the broadcasting of the week long, "history of Rock and Roll", which took place between September 8 to the 14th. The "History", produced by Drake - Chenault Enterprises in Los Angeles, took 12,000 man hours to put together and was reviewed by the L.A. Times as "very likely the most definitive documentary ever done on the subject", and by Billboard as "the best musical documentary ever produced".

CFOX added an hour of their own on the Canadian contributions to rock.

All regular programming was pre-empted for a total of 50 hours to accommodate the special. The documentary was brilliantly done and its success was a tremendous boost to the prestige of the station.

One of Sinclair's original ideas has become immensely popular in Montreal. He recently decided to include the top French Canadian artists in his programming. Such notable stars as Robert Charlebois and La Revolution Française were introduced to the English speaking population, and they became aware for the first time that there are many talented French artists who were not getting the publicity they deserved. Sinclair was apprehensive about making the move. "We knew we'd get it and hard from the English speaking separatists, of whom there are a lot." Nevertheless, his brainchild has paid off handsomely and he now has a sizeable portion of the French speaking teenagers listening to his radio station.

There has always been one element of the programming that has not kept up with the pace of the D.J.s: news. The format of the news casts was detrimental to the overall atmosphere created by the music. The shows lagged at five minutes before every hour and came to an abrupt and embarrassing halt at the dial tone.

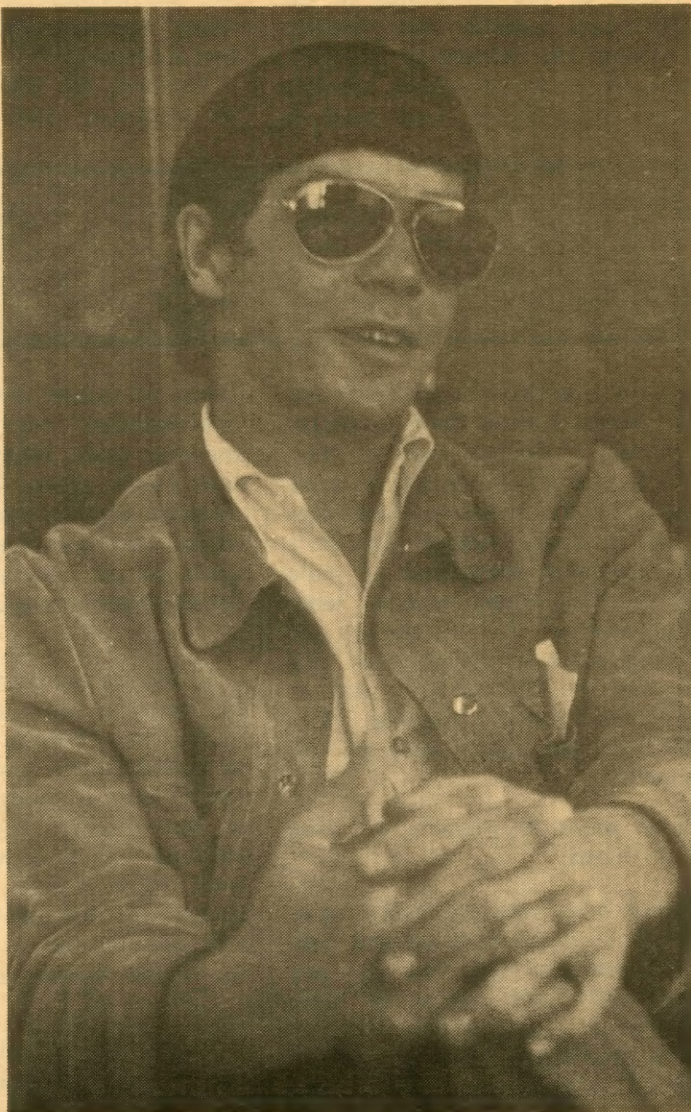


Ron L

AFTER T by Mark B



Roger Scott



Bob Gibbons

One fine day in September, the brave king Angus began a long and arduous journey into the wastelands of Clairelane. He was accompanied by his loyal and hard-working friend Sir Mark. Together, they set off in search of the FOX, an eager creature that had been ravaging the local countryside and had even dared to enter the city of the Royal Mountain.

Rumour had it that the FOX had become very popular with the inhabitants of the city and the members of a number of organizations decided that the FOX was detrimental to their existence. These groups wanted to destroy the FOX.

Brave King Angus and loyal Sir Mark, heard the threats, and being very liberal and idealistic, they decided to find the FOX and warn it of ensuing danger.

Seated in the Datsun, a trustworthy vehicle, they drove the backroads of Claire - lane in search of the FOX'S lair. They drove on and on and finally, they saw it. Unlike a number of other structures, this one was inconspicuous, hidden in the depths of the wasteland and away from the normal roadways used by the populace of the town.

Afraid, but determined, they entered the building and walked into the dark hall. Slowly, they crawled up the stairs. They were met at the door by a very young member of the FOX'S organization. She was very pretty and the king's glands palpitated in a manner as yet unseen in the kingdom.

The two brave men, scanned the lair seeking a familiar face. "Aha" said the King. "Tis Gilligan...what say ye Michael?"

To which young Gilligan replied, "I pledge allegiance to the FOX."

"Truly thou art a brave lad. For one so young, thou displayest a wisdom far beyond thy years."

"Thank you, my liege," quoth the brave young Gilligan. "Shall I show you the rest of our staff?"

Eagerly, the king, nodded his hairy head. They walked through a corridor into one of the secret rooms. There seated on a throne-like, chair, was the FOX'S most notable member. He looked

of a Rock Station

by Angus MacKay



Legge

THE FOX Bednarczyk

like a roly-polly cherub with a beard. Young Gilligan said, "This is Sir Charles P. Rodney Chandler", where upon there came from the mouth of Sir Charles, a cloud of words hidden in a cloud of smoke. (Since this is a fairy-tale, the contents of the monologue shall not be reprinted here-in).

Sir RONALD LEGGE, was the next brave member to appear. "This be Legge" Saith the red-headed one. The men then proceeded to discuss the activities of the FOX and of the FOX'S active members. In the midst of the discussion, entered one Sir Robert Gibbons, the newest member of the organization.

Everyone now became excited. The FOX was growing and because the brave king and his loyal friend had warned them, proper measures would be taken to ensure everyone's safety.

The FOX himself would return in a number of days and thank the brave men himself. Before their departure, they learned that there were others members that were not present at the time. There was the unique Sir Lockwood and the misunderstood Sir Ronald Legge

Sir Lockwood, they were informed, was the master of disguise and was at this moment at the Royal Stables, indulging in the Sport of Kings. Sir Lowell had an exhausting night and was sound asleep.

As the king and his hard-working friend reached the main exit of the lair, they were accosted by another member of the organization. This man introduced himself as Sir Roger Scott. The king laughed when he heard sir Roger's funny accent. Sir Roger, however, did not take offence at the laughter, but smiled and gave the king a rather solid punch in the elbow. The king winced as the, loyal friend applied first aid.

The king and his friend left the FOX'S lair to return another day to see the FOX himself.

The institution of "Contemporary News" on September 15 of this year, was another of Sinclair's novel ideas. It features four to six special newsmen giving hourly reports resulting in fast efficient broadcasting.

These new ideas, (some of which have never before been used in Canadian radio) have put CFOX in contention for the number 1 station on the island. Yet there is another element to their success. The magic formula is youth. The average age of the staff (before 21 year old Mike Gilligan became promotion manager) is 27. At 41, Sinclair (owner and general manager) is the oldest man there.

"This is a station of mini-skirts and beards," says Sinclair. "I try to make them feel part of it." To arouse their enthusiasm, he has a standing offer of \$1,000 to any announcer who is number 1 in the listener ratings in every 15 time period of his responsibility. Charles P. Rodney Chandler missed it by one 15 minute time slot. At 23, Chandler is the youngest D.J. at the station.

The one important element that can not be revealed by statistics is the spirit around which the station survives. Although there are only three official staff members working the night shift, there are usually ten or

twelve people striving long into the night to make their sound work.

"Every person in this place cares how we sound", says Sinclair. "If we went sour right now, not just the announcer but this whole place would go crazy until it sounded right, even if we were all here til midnight."

The disc jockeys are among the best anywhere. Charles P. Rodney Chandler was lured by CHUM in Toronto but came to CFOX because he liked the atmosphere and the way the station was run. Roger Scott, a Briton, came to CFOX at the end of 1966 but left two years later and went to Halifax. His departure was due to dispute over programming. "I couldn't do what I wanted to do," he said. "In 1967, I was ready (for an underground music show), but neither CFOX nor the public was prepared."

Now Scott is back, and between 12 and 1 every night, he features blues and folk artists on a show called "Over, Under, Sideways, Down." All the jockeys are intensely individualistic and their particular characteristics, along with the music they play, go together to make the station and its sound an unique experience in listening.

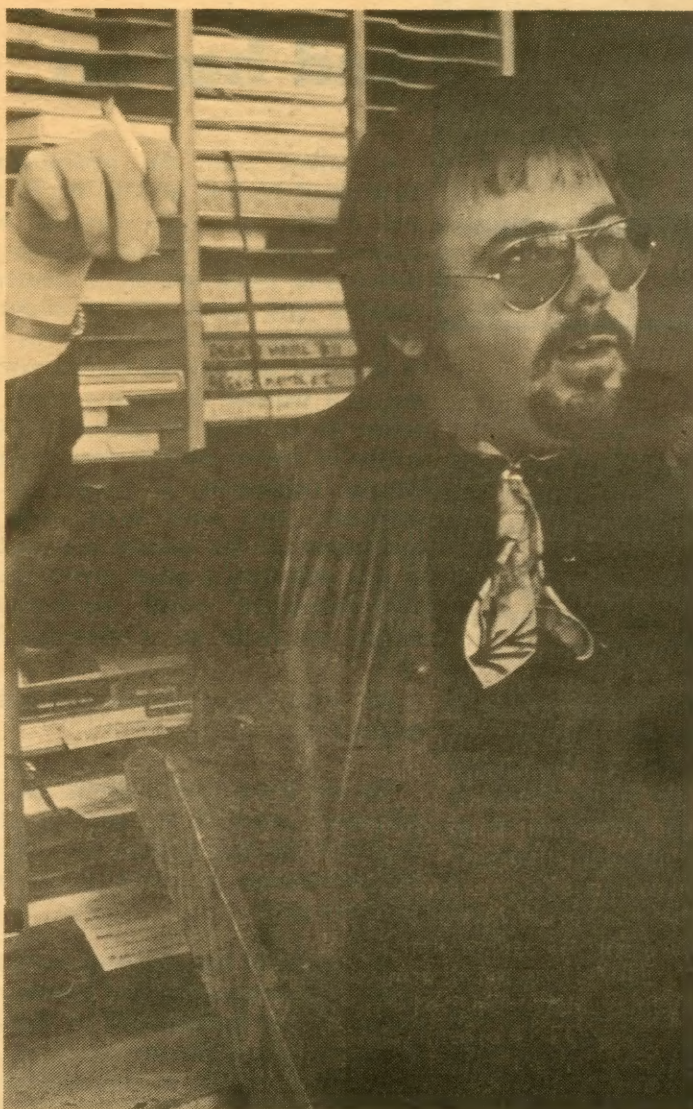
CFOX has taken on tremendous responsibilities within the community. It is instrumental in benefits and community activities. "Some sta-

tions are smug", said Sinclair. "They wouldn't even announce that your dog was lost. We're more likely to have the staff out looking for it."

In certain respects, the station is still experiencing growing pains. Although it operates nicely in the black, there is little surplus money. It operates on a hand to mouth, day to day basis and to demonstrate his point, Sinclair pointed to the parking lot and said, "There are 26 cars down there and CFOX bought them all."

Plans for the future include moving to a new location but not adding any additional studios. Everyone in the station realizes the potential possibilities if they could obtain FM status, but there are no plans as yet. The expense of such a proposition is staggering.

CFOX is successful, prosperous, well managed, hard working and above all, happy. Talking to the people involved gives the impression that they are all pretty delighted with themselves. "We're like a little boy in his Sunday best suit - We feel good," said Sinclair. They have, in fact, created the "Montreal Sound" in a little less than five years. The station is a credit to Montreal, the community and to commercial broadcasting everywhere.



Charles P. Rodney Chandler



Ralph Lockwood



Jean Pierre Ferland

by Eileen Shae

"Je t'aime.... s'il n'est pas trop tard."

Jean Pierre Ferland stands alone, although there are four musicians on the stage with him: hands at his sides, vulnerable and sincere. His intensity seeps through the silent audience and reaches out to two hundred different minds and rushes with a gentle sort of passion and carries you down again. He becomes the song that he sings, and watching him you begin to realize a unique funny-sad experience that lets a little hurt into your neuter soul and reminds you that you alive and well and have a lot to live and laugh and love about. He drains himself for his audience and they respond to him in an undercurrent of feeling and lose themselves in the slopes of his presence. Jean Pierre Ferland is superb and his performance is an extension of a vibrant character.

He stands alone because he is a unit, perhaps self-centered, but com-

pletely alone in his state of mind. "I am free because I can sing." His liberation is no surprise to anyone who has ever felt him sing, live, alive, intense, tapping the sap of emotions and optimism and hope and realism and humor and happiness.

He arrives (although one gets the distinct feeling that you are the one who has just arrived on the scene) with full force, a few funny words, a lot of song, a lot of bounce, a lot of volume, a lot of himself. There is no letdown.

Ferland demonstrates his versatility with a remark here, a sentimental song there, and on and on through thirty songs until he has touched his most popular ballads and fathomed his newest words with his newest opinions.

The crowd does not go wild. They become an extension of the person he has become on stage, and merely applaud. It is more than enough.

M.S.O. GRANDS CONCERTS

Place des Arts, Salle Wilfrid-Pelletier

October 7 & 8, 8:30 P.M.

\$1.50/ticket between 7:30-8:00 night of concert

This second concert in the series features **Alain Lombard** as guest conductor and **Alexandre Slobodyanik** as guest piano soloist.

The concert will commence with **Sinfonia Concertante** by **Haydn**, featuring four regular members of the M.S.O.

Next will be **Concerto for the left hand** by **Ravel**, featuring the guest soloist **Alexandre Slobodyanik**. This piece, completed in 1931, was one of Ravel's last major productions. It consists of one movement, and the solo piano embarks upon a kind of rambling and improvisatory dissertation.

The final piece in the program will be the "**Le Lieutenant Kije**" symphonic suite by **Prokofieff**. This was adapted by Prokofieff from a 1933 film of the same name which was a satire on Czarist Russia. In it, Nicholas misreads a military report and concocts the name of a fictitious officer

named Kije. His aides, hesitant to inform their ruler that he has made a mistake, have to contrive the existence of Kije, make him a hero, and then kill him off for good. In the five sections of this piece you can see Prokofiev's wit and whimsy come through very strongly.

The first section, "The Birth of Kije", describes the creation of Lieutenant Kije in the minds of the Czar's aides. It begins with an off-stage fanfare for Cornt and continues with military music for drum and fifes.

The second section, "Romance", is a sentimental piece and features a solo for tenor saxophone.

The third section, "Kije's Wedding", combines the bravado of a soldier with the sentimentality of a lover.

The fourth section, "Troika", is a lusty tavern song, the main theme within taken up by one of the wind instruments.

The concluding section, "The Burial of Kije", describes the liquidation of the lieutenant. A collage of the melodies from the previous sections recall his career.

The sound of a muted trumpet melts into space to end both Kije's stay in the world and in the suite.

Eva Havelka and her art



I walked into the post-graduate building of McGill, at 3560 McTavish, and found the walls covered with pictures emitting a fervent violence, in brown and black shades of charcoal, tempera and paint. These paintings and drawings were "fervent" to me in that they spoke of the human psyche, but in a manner in which I could not relate to anything in particular, save a type of violent undercurrent, brought out by suggestions of images in the drawings, that were hazed over in the spread of the browns and blacks. It was definitely a good expression of the nature in which psychological drama occurs to us in everyday life.

But what was it all about; I had to talk to Eva.

We sat down over a drink. We did not speak much of her painting other than that she had working on a theme set portraying the violence of wild dogs, in a pack.

She spoke of her visit to Czechoslovakia last summer, of the burden she sensed in her people, and in herself, of the teaching work she was doing, of the people she met at this exhibition, of what living in confrontation with this world meant to her. She looked at me through the eyes of a wise puppy-dog, and the quietness of her disposition could not be encroached upon except for a deepening of sensitivity as we worked from one subject to another.

Eva seemed to be of a makeup of one who honestly confronts the feelings that the psychological life produces in her horizon of consciousness, and somewhere beneath her words is a moving of great strength that one could even say compensates for the doleful quiet persona.

The merit of her art is her honesty, for without it these pure studies in psychological polarization would not have emerged with such suggestive clarity. Her line and form style has reached the point where uniqueness is converging and taking its stand beside mechanical mastery.

The power of her images is already emerging, and from what information I gathered, her future looks promising, though Eva in her honesty wishes only to paint and draw on her own.

I would highly recommend that those who can go and steel a glance or two at her striking works do so, for I am sure many could recognize something they have encountered in their own mental life, "in her works."

The value of Eva Havelka is that she chooses to act out in a painting the conditions of her feelings instead of acting them out in life, entirely ignoring their presence.

Is this not the cradle where art takes over to remind the living of how it lives?



Paul Butterfield and his seven man blues band will be in Montreal for one show only on October 6 at the Salle Wilfred Pelletier in Place des Arts. Butterfield, a 23 year old Chicagoan, is perhaps the most stimulating and satisfying of all the young bluesmen on the current scene. He is also a

nonpareil blues harmonica player. He is whole heartedly committed to the urban blues style originating in his home town of Chicago. Show time is 8:15 and the price is \$3.00 and \$4.00. Also appearing will be the humorous fold team known as The Times Square Two.

RECORDINGS

The Soft Parade (Elektra)

This latest offering by the Doors does little to alleviate my contention that they have been travelling downhill since their initial album, entitled "The Doors". "The Soft Parade", only thirty-four minutes long, contains four single hits including Touch Me, Wild Child, and their current success, Running Blue. Consistent with their policy of including long, arduous monologues (travelogues?) by lead singer Jim Morrison (The End and When The Music's Over), they take up much of the already scanty record space with an original composition called, The Soft Parade. Morrison's side-men give only flimsy indications of competence. The two definite highlights of the album are Jimmy Buchanan's fiddle on Running Blue, and a song called Easy Ride. However, none of the material comes close to competing with the group's earlier efforts. (Soul Kitchen, Backdoor Man and Light My Fire). It is unfortunate that the group can no longer keep up with the furious publicity campaign that seems to have become a justification for their success.

Then Now And In Between (Reprise)

Finally, after ten successful albums, someone has managed to put together an anthology of hits by the Kinks. The evolution of the song styles of Ray Davies is clearly shown. Everything from You Really Got Me, to Waterloo Sunset is there. Davies, one of the most prolific social commentators in the pop idiom, has passed the full cycle. The album's principal importance lies in its ability to trace a British pop group from Beatlemania to today.

Tommy (Decca)

Tommy, a double album rock opera by the Who, is the most significant contribution to popular music

since Sargeant Peppers. Tommy is the story of a deaf, dumb and blind boy who becomes a kind of messiah in his own life. He reigns as the world champion pin-ball player (the basis for the song Pin-Ball Wizard), a totally absurd achievement, and yet one that has profound significance. The Who have managed to capture the tragic life of the boy and at times, reflect in him the tragedy of our own lives. The album, which took two years to complete, is, for the most part, the work of Peter Townsend, the group's lead guitarist. It was an ambitious undertaking for any group, and the Who have pulled it off magnificently. They have been guiding lights in the British pop scene for the past five years, and it is rewarding to listen to a truly remarkable piece of music history done by such underrated by amazingly talented musicians.

Crosby, Stills and Nash (Atlantic)

This aggregation is one of the finest of the many "super-groups" that have sprung up over the last six months. Their backgrounds are so different, it is a wonder that they have become so successful. (re. Donovan and Jeff Beck) David Crosby (along with Roger Maguinn) formed the nucleus of the Byrds for many years. Steve Stills was the guitarist for the now defunct Buffalo Springfield. Graham Nash was the singer and principle song-writer for the British group, The Hollies. Together, they have recorded an album heavily influenced by country music. The Lyrics are the most beautiful element of the recording. They all had a hand in the song writing, and some of the more exceptional cuts are Nash's Lady of the Island and Crosby's Judy Blue Eyes. **A.M.**

THE TWO BIT REVIEW

Loyola Comm. Arts Dept.

LOYOLA: Comm. Arts Dept. Wed. Oct. 8, 6.00 p.m. only, F.C. Smith Auditorium INTOLERANCE (1916) by Griffith. Griffith made this film as a rebuttal to the angry public who reacted against his film BIRTH OF A NATION. He integrated four tales of historical intolerance in this mammoth epic. "The most gigantic extravaganza of all times" by the "man who invented the movies". Starring Mae Marsh, Erich Von Stronheim, Constance Talmadge, Lillian Cish, and a few million others.

Cinematheque Canadienne

1700 St. Dennis

For cinema fans, the cinematheque has a regular program of films every evening at 7.30 and 9.30 p.m. Their programs are planned to follow a theme, time period, director or country. During October they are presenting an anthology of the horror film. The tickets are .55 per show, and further information can be obtained by calling 844-8734.

Montreal Museum of Fine Arts

A two month series of film depicting Man his Role is being offered at the museum. Such topics as Man and His Comedy, with Buster Keaton and Mack Sennett film, Man and His Fantasy with WAXWORKS by Paul Leni, will offered. The English program starts this Wed. Oct. 8 and the French Thur. Oct. 9. Further information and series tickets (\$3.50 students) can be obtained at the Museum of Fine Arts.

Cinema V

I AM CURIOUS (YELLOW) by Sjoman has been subject to exploitation by the media ever since it was first seized at the customs in New York. As a tale within a tale of a young girl's exploration into the world of politics, human rights and love, it emerges as not quite so sensational and lurid as the press would have us believe, but rather clinical in its erotic explorations and somewhat long. It is by far the most intriguing of a crop of Swedish currently in Montreal. An interesting observation, Montreal seems to have become the Scandinavian film showcase for Canada. Many of the films are sheer exploitation of the erotic and are being sold under the banners of the 'art' film, so beware!

Longueuil

L'ETRANGER. A good adaptation of Camus' novel to the screen, starring Marcel Mastroianni and Anna Karina. On the same programme 'Benjamin', a humorous tale of a young lad's first encounter with the world of love, Catherine DeNeuve.

SGWU

Available to students this coming year is a university film festival to end all other film festivals - or would, if its directors have their way.

Sir George Williams University, in conjunction with its Conservatory of Cinematographic Art, will present between now and next June, a minimum of 150 films, to initiate the first festival of this type in Montreal.

According to Brian Hill, one of its organizers, the festival is going to be the first chance for many students to 'take in the old classics.'

With the number of films involved, the easiest way to do this is to present different areas of interest during the year. For instance, there will be a Japanese Film week in May, and an Indian Government Film Archives week sometime in the spring.

Serge Lozique, head of the Conservatory, expounded some it's-about-time sentiments during a reception and film show last Thursday evening.

"It continues to amaze me that cinema has not yet become a recognized area of study in university. One can watch films with other ideas in mind that merely being there to be entertained.

"I can see the day when one can write a Ph.D. on cinema."

The Thursday-night opening of the festival presented eight student experimental films, all but one made in Canada. In general, these were just exactly that: student experimental films, but most commentary on the show agreed that Canadian film-makers had a long way to go, and could do well with some traditional concepts in cinema.

Perhaps the Sir George Festivals can supply this.

Season tickets are ten dollars, available through the Conservatory at Sir George. They can be reached at 879-4349. In short, the festivals, in the next years, will be courses in themselves. Failing to get enthusiastic at this vast cultural experience, perhaps the interest in a six-cent movie should excite.

For ten dollars, it has to be worth it.

There will be an Arlo Guthrie Concert at Place des Arts November 8 at 8:30. Tickets are on sale from Logos for \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, and \$4.00.

Sam Gesser Enterprises will be presenting a Janis Joplin Concert scheduled at the Forum on November 4th.

Place des Arts will be presenting a series of seven Gala Concerts over the period of the next seven months. The tickets which would ordinarily cost \$45.00 can be obtained for \$12.00. These concerts are being presented exclusively for people under thirty years old. A block of one hundred of the best seats in the house have been reserved. The tickets will be distributed on the first come first serve basis. The first concert is scheduled for Tuesday the fourteenth of October.

**Niels Hodsman****David Magil****Angus Mac Kay****Herbert Greenslade**

This year, we expect to make available to Loyola students an area of in-the-know material on what's happening down at the gallery, and elsewhere.

The criticisms will focus more upon speculation towards its subject, than accurate and professional finalism, on works, some of which we would not even come close to really comprehending. There is also in mind, the pointing towards the source of creative art in the reader, for no one is without it; the fact simply is that few ever really come to grips nor learn the power of its meaning.

Art can be called expression of the knowledge of oneself, through some medium available. This can mean just about anything, these days, and the question is always what it does express, and hence what it does mean, and can be assimilated with reference to the question 'What is valuable?'

The Montreal Symphony Orchestra is quickly approaching the zenith of its existence. Under Franz-Paul Decker the MSO has progressed steadily over the past few years. With the introduction of seventeen new members this year, a very successful and interesting season is assured. Decker has been ruthless, getting rid of deadwood and introducing young blood into the orchestra, and has been severely criticized for this by some of the resident critics for a few of the local papers. In spite of the criticism, Decker this year has produced one of the most dynamic and efficient orchestral teams ever assembled in Montreal.

Classical music itself is intriguing in that much of it has influenced or has been adapted for modern music.

AGAPE this year will cover the Francophone scene. It is not enough to talk of two cultures. One must be exposed to both. We intend to encourage all Loyola students to become aware of the other culture. One does not have to understand French to experience the musical representatives of one francophone culture.

Read the previews. Attend the different musical offerings. It will be well worth your while.

Good night Jacob.

Good night Eric.

This space has been reserved for an explanation of the editorial policy in Agape. I am pleased to announce that there is none.

This newspaper will endeavour to provide a complete insight into the cultural world with an emphasis on books, movies, and music (both classical and contemporary). There will also be articles pertaining to social comment, political analysis and in-depth studies on a wide range of subjects.

In order for Agape to come out every week we will rely heavily on contributions. We will be concerned with the situation in Montreal with regard to poverty and pollution, and we would like to run specials on Milton Park (Concordia) and the proposed Little Burgundy project. There will also be at least three complete issues devoted to music, art, and films.

I can only defend our "sit on the fence" attitude as being an attempt at objectivity: a pretentious assertion at best and one that can only be justified only by believing that college students, given the way it is, are old enough contrary to popular sentiment to formulate their own opinions.

Mark Bednarczyk, associate editor refused to have his picture taken for the following reasons,

- a. He is unphotogenic (ugly?)
- b. He is camera shy
- c. He's chicken

Coverage of the current cinema is going to be an important contribution to Agape. There will be an extensive review of each new movie to come to town. There will also be previews of all film festivals such as the one at S.G.W.U. and at the Verdi. The "Two Bit Review" will concentrate on short explanations of the more important films playing in Montreal.

With the cinema evolving as a significant and at the same time, controversial art form, emphasis will be placed on its social significance. Exactly how the world of films fits into our lives and how it influences our thinking and more, importantly, our actions, is a question worth considering. Should an arbitrary body of men dictate exactly what we should see over and above the will of the movie-maker?

The importance of film as social mirror and not just 90 minutes of entertainment can not be underestimated. It can become a travelogue through a way of thinking that we know nothing about. An example of this is "Easy Rider" which provides us with a first hand view of Southern States and its reaction to the challenge of two young men.

Anyone who knows of any film festivals being held in or around Montreal, or would like to help in writing them up, is welcome to present themselves (or the information) at the Agape office in The Loyola News complex.

DRAMA DEBUT by Jo-Ann Juteau

Another year in the life of Loyola Drama has been swiftly and unceremoniously ushered in.

Swiftly, because early activity by any drama group is phenomenal, and unceremoniously, because both one-act plays presented Monday were quick, violent and so short-lived that the audience was clearly left in the lurch.

Nick Barker's performance in "Metaphors" was uncommonly polished and commendable but the play itself was whisked away before one could fully grasp it. Words like "lovers", "homosexual", "sex with a priest" struck the mind but the dialogue was too rapid to permit more than momentary impact.

The second play "Tour" presented another one of those skits about the typical American tourist. More comprehensible than the preceding drama, it was highlighted by the performance of Margaret Mary O'Flaherty whose broken voice rang true to life when she read a letter destined for Viet Nam.

Again, the "beggar episode" was carefully and effectively exploited. As Cora shrinks back from the ravaged faces of the beggars shrieking hysterically about Viet Nam and "noses burnt-off", the audience is suddenly placed face to face with napalm victims of the war.

Such noon-time entertainment reminds one ruefully of the promises of last year's Theatre Arts Centre. Although Director Bruce Fortune had early in the year announced a scheme for a free Lunch-Time Theatre, it was the stuff dreams are made of. This year's attempt appears more practicle -- a twenty-five cents admission is charged.

It is wise not to expect too much from our Drama Club. Besides the fact that they are a predominantly experimental group and strictly on the amateur scale, the Association suffers from internal disunity. Bruce Fortune whose salary plus operation-

al expenses is paid by Loyola, heads the Theatre Arts Centre while the rebel "Loyola Drama Association" is entirely student-run. It relies on financial support from Fortune and what monies it can raise independently.

Last year's appointment of Drama Director Fortune seemed like the herald of a new era in the uninspiring career of Loyola art. Unhappily it has not proven so.

Last year's productions did not meet up to expectations. The actors struck one not so much as "artists in their milieu" but as swimmers out of their depth. The actor not the audience benefited from the experience.